

Misadventures of Hiccup

by silver eye keeper

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-07-17 08:29:49

Updated: 2014-01-18 04:24:16

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:35:56

Rating: K+

Chapters: 4

Words: 2,003

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Adventures about Hiccup before and after the dragons (mostly before). Age changes at times, but mostly when he's younger. My first HTTYD fanfic. Do enjoy.

1. Chapter 1

When morning came to Berk, it was oddly calming for about an hour or so as all vikings began to wake up for a night's slumber. And Hiccup was always awake by the time the morning light hit his young, freckled face. He sat up in his bed and stretched as he yawned, then looked around to see that...

"DAAAAAD!" He shouted at the top of his lungs as he ran out of his large room and headed straight to his parent's bedroom, his bare feet slapping at each impact. The young viking slammed the door open and effortlessly jumped on the stomach of a certain chief, jumping up and down with excitement. "Dad! Wake up! They were here!"

Stoick grumbled as he was rudely woken up by his son, he sat up, which caused Hiccup to roll off of his father's stomach and into his lap. "Who do ye say was here, son?"

"Trolls!" Hiccup practically screamed, giving a toothy smile (with a missing front tooth)

"...Was Gobber telling you one of his stories again?"

"YES!"

"Hiccup, son, you know they don't-"

"They ARE real! I have proof!" Hiccup held out his hand, holding a single sock. "They stole my left sock!"

"Oi..." Stoick sighed. Maybe he should tell Gobber to stop telling Hiccup his ridiculous stories from now on, but his son really seemed interested in them too... The curse of being a father. "Go back to bed, Hiccup."

The young boy's eyes widened at what his father said, acting like he had just been insulted. "But I have to get my sock back!"

"You'll probably find it under your bed. Again."

"Fine! I'll just walk around barefooted."

"Hiccup.."

"Maybe learn how to walk on my hands."

"Son."

"Might use a knife as a toothpick. Gobber does that alot. And you sometimes do that when you can't find any toothpicks around."

Stoick simply rolled his eyes and got up from his bed, carrying Hiccup over his shoulder. Once the young one starts talking, it took a while to shut him up. He walked up to his son's room, placed the still rambling child on the bed, reached under it and pulled out a sock, then placed it on the desk. "Sleep, or stay quiet until you hear some shouting from outside. Understood?"

"Okay... Hey dad?"

"Yes son?"

"When can I have my knife back?"

"After what you did? Two more days."

****A/N: Yeah, it's short. Sue me. Wait... Don't do that. I WON'T BE ABLE TO AFFORD IT. Anywho, this is Hiccup when he's about...shall we say a hyperactive 5 yearold? I always that that he would slightly be a chatterbox around his dad, and especially Gobber (because who doesn't love gGobber?!) ****

****Please review. I'll write more if I know that people are actually reading and liking this. C:****

2. Chapter 2

When the young vikings arrived at the Dragon Academy, followed by Gobber, they were surprised at the scene infront of them.

Hiccup was sitting in the middle of the arena with Toothless sleeping beside him. He was hunched over as he examined the Book of Dragons that rested on his lap, currently reading about Whispering Deaths. What surprised them was not that, but the fact that he was using his knife as a toothpic like it was nothing. They never seen his do this before -other than Gobber that is- and just stared at him until he finally noticed them.

"Oh, hey guys."

"I see yer doin' it again, lad." Gobber said with a chuckle.

"Huh?"

"Yer using the knife again."

"Oh. That. I'm just trying to get a piece of meat that's stuck between my teeth." Hiccup went back to his task of freeing the piece of meat, then looked at his friends still staring at him.
"What?"

Astrid blinked and answered. "We just never saw you use your knife as a toothpic before. It's usually only Gobber who does that."

"Oh. _Ooooooooooh_. Alright. I should probably explain." Hiccup chuckled, putting his knife away and gently petting Toothless as the dagon woke up. "Because I worked with Gobber since I was about 6, his habbit kind of rubbed off on me. It didn't help that my dad does it sometime. So usually when I'm by myself or around them I just let my habbits take over."

"Aye, it's true. The lad would copy anything me and Stoick did, especially if it involved a knife. I remember one time when he was five, the lad was bored so he--"

"Gobber!" Hiccup whined a little. "You promised not to tell anyone about that."

****A/N: Yeeaaaaahhhh. Cruddy one, yes? I wanted to write a short one with Hiccup's weid habbit. Sorry if it sucks. Tell me what you want to read for the next chapter and I might as well do it. REVIEW!****

3. Chapter 3

Hiccup lazily dangled from the tree branch he climbed earlier when they arrived, earning a few warnings of "Be careful" and "Keep yer mouth closed or bird will make a nest in there" He watched as his father, Stoick, and Gobber exchanged conversations as they threw their axes at the large tree in front of them, training and using the opportunity to poke fun at one another.

Both adults failed to realize how bored the five year old was.

It was common knowledge between some Viking on Berk, who had spent enough time with the brunet to know him a little, that a bored Hiccup was much more dangerous than all dragon raid combined. With an overactive imagination, and full access to the smithy (once he sneaks in), you never know what he will decide to do to entertain himself with.

"Dad" Hiccup shouted from his perch on the tree, now sitting up.

Stoick paused from his conversation with Gobber and stared up at his son, knowing what the child wanted. Hiccup was leaning forward on the branch, giving Stoick a look that said "drop me and Hel will be

released" he wondered how a young child is able to give such a look, but shrugged it off.

'_He's definitely his mother's son' _remembering how his wife gave him a similar look far too many times. He nodded and held out his arms.

Hiccup grinned and pushed himself off of the branch "which was located well above his father's head- and landed right on Stoick's strong arms, then climbed down without a moment's hesitation only to run off into the woods.

"Hiccup! Don't go too far away, ye hear?"

No answer was given, but only the sound of a childish laughter echoed.

"Such a energetic lad, ain't he." Gobber chuckled, then looked at Stoick with a twinkle in his eyes that the chief knew something was on his mind. "Stoick, I gotta ask ye somethin'"

"I figured as much. What do you want?"

"I want Hiccup to be my apprentice at the smithy."

"Why so, Gobber?"

"He's a fast learner, and already know how teh use most of the equipments. Might as well."

Stoick thought for a moment. It was true that Hiccup already knew how to use some of the equipments that Gobber had, learning from countless of hours watching the bald man make and repair weapons as he sat in his usual spot on the counter. The young boy did enjoy making and repairing stuff as he "repaired" a pair of Stoick's pants by sewing a piece of yak hair around the hole (He didn't have the heart to tell the child that he didn't wear the pair, or the fact that you don't use a nail to sew) He nodded and looked at his friend.

"Alright, ye have my permission. But only when he turns six."

"Great! I can't wait toâ€"GAH!" Gobber shouted and cursed a little as he reached over his back and yanked outâ€"a small knife. He stared with disbelieving eyes as a small amount of blood dripped from the blade. A gasp came from behind him as Hiccup walked up to both adults, doing his best to look innocent by staring at them with big green eyes.

"Hiccup, why did ye hit Gobber with the knife?" Stoick asked calmly. He will deny that he found it a little hilarious at his friend's reaction to the situation.

"I didn't mean to! I was just trying to hit the tree by him, but it kind of slipped and hit him in the butt!"

"Why would ye throw it in the first place?"

"You guys were throwing axes! â€|.Gobber, your butt's turning red."

Hiccup pointed at the growing stain on the bald man's pants.

"That's it. No knife for you for two weeks."

"What! NO! That's mean and uncasual punishment!"

"The term is 'cruel and unusual'. Now march, we're going home."

A/N: There. Now you know what he did when he was five, and why he had his knife taken away. xD This is longer than the others so I'm pretty dang happy, to be honest. And the fact that people are reading thisâ€¦| YEAH! 8D

Review please~

4. Chapter 4

Everyone sat around a table in the mead hall. Considering the fact that they couldn't do any dragon training today ("Good job, Snotlout." "Hey, give me a break Astrid. How should I know that it explodes like that?"), they decided to talk about anything that came to mind, from dragons to how Tuffnut was once mistaken as a girl. It was a lighthearted conversation that they rarely have these days, and they enjoyed it, of course.

The hall was filled with most of the Vikings in Berk. Laughter and cheers erupted in the large gathering space, so they didn't notice a certain brunet resting his head on the table, poking at his mug lazily with a knife.

That is, until he said those three words.

"Gobber. I'm bored."

Those sitting around him and within earshot â€"other than the young dragon trainersâ€" suddenly froze and quickly turned their heads with wide eyes at the chief's son, and Gobber himself was shocked by the statement, to the point where he dropped the piece of meat he was about to bite onto. Hiccup didn't notice, mostly not caring, about the reactions that he twirled his knife around in his hand with a certain look growing on his face. His I'm-getting-a-great-idea-forming-up-in-my-head-and-it-involves-my-knife look. Oh how Gobber despised that look on that freckled face.

"Ooooh nonono. Not that look. Ye ain' gonna do anythin' as long as there's potential victims around ya, lad." Gobber said this firmly as he narrowed his eyes at his apprentice. Of course, he was rewarded with a simple innocent look.

"I have _no_ idea what you're talking about, Gobber."

"Yes. Ya do."

"No, I don't."

"Ye do, and don' argue with me. Last time you were bored, Bucket ended up with a knife in his shoulder."

"I was 10 when that happened."

"An' remember the time ya dropped that stone on yer cousin's head from the roof?"

"I'm still like...2% worth the blame for Snotlout's personality. The other 98% is from birth."

"You set a boat on fire."

"Minor accident."

"You broke a hammer in 3 hours."

"I'll admit, _that _was fun."

"So if you're bored, go play with Toothless. _Without_ your knife."

"Fine." With that, Hiccup handed Gobber his knife and walked of the mead hall, calling out 'Toothless' name.

That was the day Gobber _almost_ prevented a bored Hiccup to cause destruction. Almost. The day ended with Stoic spending 5 hours looking for his helmet, and Hiccup peacefully sleeping in front of his house using Toothless' wing as a blanket.

A/N: A long awaited new chapter of this series of oneshots. I'm somewhat proud of this. Sort of. I know that I could do better with this, but I dunno how. So. This is all you get.

You know the drill, people! REVIEW. AND TELL ME WHAT I SHOULD WRITE. Oh, FYI, next chapter is going to be with younger Hiccup. I'm going for lil' Hiccup for every other chapter. So ideas for little Hiccups are needed as well.

End
file.